

THE TRAVELS OF TIME: LOADEN WITH POPIISH TRUMPERIES: FROM GREAT BRITAINE TO ROME.



WITH
 A Dialogue betwixt Time and Truth, Popery and Policy: each of them declaring what service they have done
 to their Masters.

TIME.

A Happy winde those *Locusts* hence doth blow,
 That would our Church and Common-wealth o're-
 Who all (so ill) did play their parts so well, (throw:
 Stout *Actors*, and true *Factors* vnto Hell,
 Mens soules and hearts, from God, and King to steale
Cum Privilegio, vnder His great Scale.
 That true Religion (to whom all must stoope)
 Like Decaying Tree, did seeme to droope:
Romes Citerpillers did so multiply,
 And in her boughes and branches lurking lye,
 That all true hearts that saw how thicke they swarm'd,
 Were (God be thanked) much more fear'd then harm'd.
 Yet no conuience, or no toleration
 Inferred a feare of any alteration:
 But when their Insolence was at the height,
 Then topsie turvy downe it tumbled freight.
 When TIME'S Great Maker (the most high ETERNAL)
 In mercy looked from his Throne supernall:
 And saw the *Evils* which began to grow
 In his deare Vine here Militant below,
 HE to my Daughter TRUTH gaue straight command,
 That SHEE those dang'rous ERRORS should withstand.
 Then vp I tooke vpon my aged Backe,
 This load of *Vanitie*, this *Pedlers packe*,
 This *Trunke* of Trash, and *Romish* Trumperies,
 Deluding shewes, infernall forgeries,
 This Burden backe to *Rome*, I'll beare againe:
 From thence it came, there let it still remaine.

TRUTH.

Deere Father, though I seem'd a-sleepe a while,
 I was but to note their Insolence and Guile,
 Their vndermining trickes, their iugling shifts,
 Their Practice, politicke, and deuillish drifts,
 Whilst vnder shadowes, and meere shewes of TRUTH,
 They sought to blinde and coozen age and youth.
 Which my Great Master GOD Omnipotent
 Foresaw; and seeing, timely did preuent.
 The Sunne-Beames of his Gospell he displayes
 Whose glorious lights eternall piercing Rayes,
 Shines with such burning heate through TRUTH'S bright
 That errors are consum'd like withered grasse. (Glasse



But say, old Father TIME, what's that I pray
 Which on your backe you beare so swift away?

TIME

BEloued Daughter I haue said before,
 It is the Figure of the purple *Whore*,
 Which like a fugitiue I beare with shame,
 From Tything vnto Tything, whence she came.
 But what is Hee that followes thee behinde,
 Yet to ore-take thee seemes no way inclin'd?

TRUTH.

IT is a trusty seruiceable *Don*,
 A Vassall to the Beast of *Babylon*,
 Who doth his best and worst, where he doth come
 To make all Kingdomes subiect vnto *Rome*:

The things we thought more secret then the night,
 TIME and his Daughter TRUTH hath brought to light.

POLITICK.

ALtimes and seasons I with care haue watcht,
 And sate on *Egges*, in hope they would be hatcht,
 Which had they taken life, had beene a brood
 Of Cockatrices, (for our Gen'ral good)
 They were my scrues, my engins, and my trickes,
 Surpassing Machiulian Politicks,
 Oh had they come to haue a happy birth,
 'T had beene an vniuersall day of mirth,
 Or great Cause Catholike had beene aduanc'd,
 And all our enemies discountenanc'd.
 Then came a *Parliament*, whose weighty stroake
 Found out my Nest, and all my *Egges* they broke.
 Thus (Father) all our paines and labour's lost,
 And you and I must needs depart this Coast.
 The Catholikes of vs are growne suspitious,
 Our Iesuit Priests haue beene so auaritious,
 And with such holinesse haue pick'd their purse,
 Which being spyde, our cause is much the worse.
 And thus old TIME and TRUTH hath giuen such light,
 That Catholikes themselues distaste vs quite.
 Then let's be iogging, here's no staying here,
 The fourteenth day of Iune is full of feare.
 For then a Proclamation doth take force,
 To Hang vs all. Pray God it proue no worse.

TRUTH.

THIS sweet Discourse exceeding pleasing was,
 Prais'd be the GOD of TRUTH that brings to passe
 These wondrous things for his beloued VINE,
 Which makes her Militant on Earth to shine,
 And by his mercy here such Grace is giu'n,
 That shee shall shine Triumphantly in Heau'n.

TIME.

AND TIME ascribes all praise and thanks therefore,
 Vnto his Glorious Name for euermore.

He followes TRUTH, but tis farre off you see,
 He neuer meanes to lay true hold on ME.
 Yet with my Robes himselfe doth oft disguise,
 And make the simple swallow downe his lyes.
 Indeed hee's but a Furie in mans shape,
 His name is *Politicke*, Religions Ape.
 And, I perceiue, his minde he faine would breake
 To your sweet Load. Harke, he beginnes to speake.

POLITICK.

SAY, wherefore are you hence in poste thus riding?
 TO *Rome* againe, for here is no abiding.
 Our labour's lost, my deare adopted Sonne,
 And all that we haue done is quite vndone.

POPERY.